teachings of the great Lord of Yoga^~ had become dead, and telling him to look beneath a giant rock he found there engraved the Shiva Sutras, which have ever since sustained the souls of all Yogis.

And then our two scholars, having both visited Japan in the course of their adventurous lives, tell me, whose Mecca is India, of the mysteries of that land whose Emperor is the one monarch in East or West whose private life is an unknown quantity, of the bones of the Blessed One which were conveyed home by the Archbishop of Japan, who received them from the royal hands of Siam at Bankok, and of Lafcadio Hearn, whose hatred of Europeans was so great that towards the end of life he would walk up and down in the rain rather than mix in a room with his brother professors.

On, on, past

> Lotus buds that float
> On those cool waters where we used to dwell.
> Through maze of lotus
> The lacquered paddle glides
> Ah ! Jhelum river.

And the wild thyme's pungent perfumes are scrunched out in billows by the houseboat's